

Timefable

9:00 A.M....A bean bag tournament will be held under the auspices of the University athletic department. Beanies will be awarded to the lucky winners.

10-11:03 A.M....Don Grisser will conduct a cocktail hour in the library. The last three minutes are to be used in escaping before Miss Silverman returns from her lunch hour.

12:00....A mass student attack on the English department will be held at this time. Interested students are welcome.

Voices from The BBC or Que es 4.6 1/2

What has happened to 157 of our fellow students?

Until yesterday, all of us naively accepted the Administration's explanation that these students had dropped out, but student #907-827463 has uncovered a diabolical scheme: this school is Communist infiltrated.

Last night at 8:30 student #907827463 and his friend #46 1/2 came to the Campus to pick up books they had left in room 206. In the classroom they discovered a tape-recorder and several sets of headphones belonging to the Spanish Department. Curiously they turned on the machines, put the phones to their ears, and listened.

"....Imperialistic dogs.....Imperialistic dogs"

This discovery led to further investigation. #4.6 1/2 found a radio transmitter and several old copies of the PRAVDA CUB in the fireplace. At the same time #907-827463 discovered a doorbell on the wall. When he pushed the button there was a creaking at the fireplace and 4.6 1/2 was seen no more.

In his search for help, #907-827463 came to rest by the Busy Bee Container behind the building. He suddenly realized that he was not alone. He heard voices, but he could see no one. Frantically he searched, but was interrupted by an approaching vehicle. A bright red truck pulled up to the Busy Bee Container. #907827463 watched as the driver emptied the contents of the BBC into the bright red truck, muttering, "Yankee imperialistic dogs..."

The truck roared away. #907-827463 approached the empty container. Dead silence. No voices. He was alone. Another digit added to an already burgeoning list of missing students.

Sea Beast Discovered in Campus Lake; Swimming Plans Postponed

Due to unexpected developments, plans to permit student swimming in the lake will have to be cancelled, announced the St. Louis Campus administrator. According to him, the appearance of a 6000-ton sea monster in the lake has made the fulfillment of swimming plans unlikely.

The monster, characterized by long green hair hanging all over his--opps that's pond scum not green hair, appeared in the lake shortly before lunch hour. His presence was noticed by a group of students who saw his tail splashing in the water, and assuming it was a fellow student's car stuck on the Pagoda road, ran to lend assistance. On discovering the sea monster, the students reacted in the usual refined, intelligent, cultured manner in which all educated people receive the strange or unusual--they panicked. Armed with guns, spears and sodium-tipped arrows, they formed a welcoming committee.

Fortunately, however, there was one sane member of the group. Waving his machete, he convinced the group that the sea monster, to whom they had begun to croon, "Puff, The Magic Dragon," was probably a relative of the famed Loch Ness monster and would make a fine specimen for the Zoology



CAROLE KRAL (left), St. Louis Campus freshman, who first sighted the 6000-ton sea monster (right) splashing about in the Campus lake. Miss Kral is also suspected of leading a hostile group of fellow students in an auditory attack on the sea beast by instigating her own version of "Puff, the Magic Dragon."

department. The students then proceeded to win the monster over by feeding him the hamburger they had just bought in the cafeteria. At last notice the monster was seen contentedly munching away.

FLASH: Just before this paper

went to press, it was learned that shortly after the students left him alone the monster turned upside down and sank to the bottom of the pond. According to Mr. G. A. Stevens, St. Louis Campus Zoology teacher, the monster died from an acute attack of indigestion. It was our decision to print the above article anyway in tribute to the monster for bravery in eating above and beyond the call of duty. May he rest in peace. Amen

Spilumkers Spill Story Of Stilled Still Stealer

The Missouri Moles, the Spilumker chapter on the Campus, explored as usual last weekend. After their fiasco the preceding weekend in which they unsuccessfully hunted Reds in the underground cave under the depleted Pagoda, they decided to explore the possibility of finding Blu Bill Hargun, the notorious still stealer. They felt such an activity was more in keeping with their club motto-A FREE INTEMPERATE AMERICA.

Dressed in the proscribed uniform of their group, Burgundy Red Helmets and Champagne pink fatigues, they approached the Southern Missouri cave reported by a tip from a dip as Blu's hiding place. After taking every precaution they scaled the three foot precipice just inside the cave, but had a minor setback when four of them fell into the twenty feet deep hole underneath it.

Emerging, the newly formed Submariners Club stealthily advanced until they could see ol'

Blu brewing merrily. Donning their Helmets, which before they carried in front of them to offset any immediate barriers, they charged. As they slid down a winding waterfall to the Subterranean depths, their leader caught in a crevice and they had to wrench it free, whistling Rhine of the Ages as they worked. Free at last, they continued the onslaught. Blu was scared to death, and after burying him they dismantled the still and uttered the triumphant war cry, Fanarrk-k-k.

As they left the cave, carrying the various pieces of the stilled still in their knapsacks, they heard a rush of wings and immediately ascertained that the bats were after them. Using their ever-ready store of knowledge gleaned from Boy Scout Pamphlets bought with funds collected by selling Back-Guana, they bent forward, put their hands behind their backs, and marched out single file, humming the Star Spangled Banner.

It was an ancient Indian custom to deliberately create one imperfection in a perfect work of art, because they felt that men are not worthy to imitate the gods, and that perfection is mockery of the deities. Except for this upside-down article, the rest of our creation is perfect. However, to prevent ourselves from becoming unduly presumptuous of our own infallible merits, we therefore submit this imperfect article as a symbol of our own awareness of our humble existence.

As history researchers and educators, the staff of this week's TIGER BUG felt it necessary to release to the reading public an important cultural discovery in America's own rich ancestry, and to recreate this custom today.

**T B Recreates
Indian Custom**

The Power of Lofty Thought

We have recently fallen to pondering, that is, of course, whenever such spare moments as we may glean from our already overloaded schedules present themselves, for these are indeed rare occasions and ones not to be dismissed lightly in these grave and uncertain yet at the same time happy and carefree days, for so our own existences could well be described though in a greater sense they do possess the potential for an infinitely more foreboding content and we would do well to realize this, that is, not so much for our present actions but for the wholesome effect it may have upon our preparations for the future which should occupy the greater portion of our time anyhow but, sadly enough, though some will vouch that sadness on this score is unwarranted, and as we can sympathize with both points of contention scarcely feel an inclination to ally ourselves with neither, notwithstanding the concerted attempts which will be made we hereby and for the aforementioned reasons ascribe our complete support and wholehearted approval.

TIGER BUG

Fighting for the Gritt of the Strident in the ShriII and the ShriII in the Calumnity.

Absentee Owner	B. S. Estes
Legal Advice	W. L. Woodard
Floral Arrangements	Ima Lergic
Libel Advice Resulting From	
Legal Advice	J. Paar
Sports Scoops	Dary Dan and Mr. Frostee
Censor	E. Clair McConnel
Bankruptcy Suit	Done and Broadstreet

By Hans Brinker

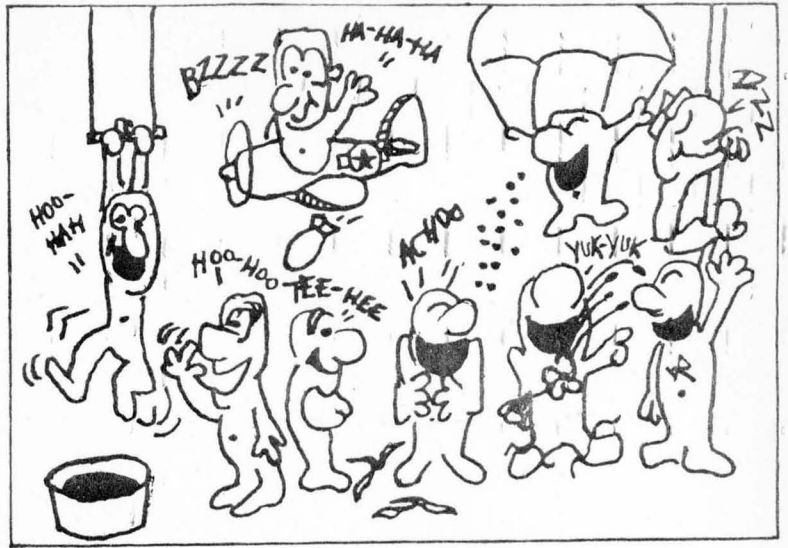
In Whose Opinion?

Tomorrow night after you have festively enjoyed your TIGER BUG and you have invariably bloated yourself with choice morsels; sit back and relax in a comfortable pneumatic chair. Think of yourself and your school (?). Do you find that you are tired of being encouraged to be "sincerely grateful" for all your blessings, being criticized for messy eating, noise in the lounge, littering on campus? Do you feel that the Pagoda didn't really burn down by accident? Are you sick of crusades, petitions and campaign posters? If you are, there is a new group now forming which you may be interested in joining. Even now as the presses roll and prepare to attack the student senate for giving an emblem to the bowling tema, the group, disguised as health inspectors, is meeting under the cafeteria tables. All interested parties are heartily encouraged to join. However, the group will also be disbanded in a few hours, due to a clause in the M book which states "there shall be no

student rioting permitted under cafeteria tables." Well, back to quiet insurrection.

Opening soon: the third floor bar and grill. This special dining room will be opened to handle cafeteria over-flow between the hours of 11 and 2, and will also be open from 3 to 5 every week day. It will feature such meal time specialties as Pink Cadillacs, Zombies, Singapore Stingers and Purple Passions. In addition there will be a continuous floor show featuring The Library Lovelies, singing and dancing to the "Sh, Other Students Are Trying to Study Cha-Cha-Cha," and the Rockettes-former hamburger bun makers of the cafeteria, dancing the St. Louis Campus version of the Bosa Nova, one step backward, another step backward, another step backward, another step backward....

There will be a pajama party tomorrow night for the entire campus in the main building. Entrance can be gained by taking the lock off the front gate, tipping the night watchman, and prying open the first floor windows. Attire is informal.



HOO-HAH, APRIL FOOL

I Could Care Less

By Mij Delfnesor

You got some mitey funny tings hoppen here, booby. Die oder day, I was sittin here in your good lookin lunch room, mindin mine and, I sees dis lille albino type mice runnin over da table. And I says to my fren next by me, "Look-at-dat cute lille mouses;

I never seen an albino mice before dis." By da way, I vas eatin one of doze gret roase beef sanwiches you got here, like neolite type ona stale bun, mit out da seeds. So I says to the lille fella, "Say dere lille fella, don'n bite my samwich!" You'll get a tummy ache; it could hurt you bad. Vell, I warned him anyway.

And den I fellt kinda bad like, so's I got up and when over and asked da lady up dere for some of dat good lookin pie mit die black nuts on top. I says to her, "I vhan some uh dat good lookin pie wit da black nots on top." She say, "Huh?" I says, "Pleece lady, I vhan some of dat good lookin pie; you know, mit dem black nuts on top." She say, "Huh, dose aren't black nuts, dems bugs?" I says, "Huh?" She say, "Yeh." I says, "Echhh!"

So den I goes sickened like over to dis machine and I buys some of dis good tastin and nize lookin "Lima Been mit da Ham in it." (Like it say on da label.) So you tink you got it bad, lemme tell you, dis stuff was so bad; dat it screamed at me when I hopened da can. Dem Lima Beens vere dead, deys vhas long gone brudder. So I put da beens where I put my lille mouze fren. I really felt bad den.

An my fren comes up to me and say, "Hi dere." I says, "Huh?" He say, "You don'n look so well." I says, "I don'n feel so vell eider." He say to me, "You look-a like you could stand a cup of coffee." I says, "Okay."

So we walk over to da machine

and I put a dime in it. Denn all-of-a sudden, dis brown lookin stuff comes dribblin out, and denn dis white stuff comes out, like "bloop - bloop", and denn dis powder stuff comes out all over. So's I was kinda sick by den and

I pick up da cup and spills my brown lookin stuff all over da floor.

Dere's a big hole in dat floor now; be carevul you don'n trip into it. So denn I goes home, kinda of sick feelin, das what.

Campus Pool to Acquire New Fill For Summer Use

Plans to fill the Campus swimming pool with beer and open it for the students' use in late April have recently been announced by Campus officials. However, several restrictions have been established, and officials indicated that they must be obeyed by all students utilizing the pool facilities.

First, no underwater swimming with your mouth open will be allowed. In addition, a nose plug will be required for all. These two basic rules have been instituted to protect campus students from the undesirable effects which occur with the undue inhibition of alcoholic beverages; the student becomes happy and carefree. This must be avoided at all costs, for it is in direct opposition to the present school policy.

The one problem facing the Student Association is what to do with the head on the pool. The most constructive suggestion seems to be to avoid the head in the beginning by having Ichabod Crain deliver some headless Sleepy Hollow beer, for everyone knows Sleepy Hollow is famous for headless things.